The Sisters

By Paula Puddephatt

"But why did you do it?" asked Jane, over the phone.

"I didn't," said Emily, knowing that her sister didn't believe her. Didn't dare to believe her.

"Then why do Mum and Claire both think...?"

Why, indeed?

Claire was the Golden Child, Jane the Invisible Child, and Emily, the Scapegoat. Emily understood that now, but her understanding didn't necessarily help her. Made her bloody angry, and yet, unable to alter the situation.

She could sense that Jane was about to revert to small talk, and Emily was ready to let it go, for the time being. It was exhausting, trying to make her family listen. Exhausting and futile.